

Dressed and Undressed by **Luddleston**

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(Originally written for the Divinity zine)

Dressed and Undressed

Elysium was always painted in shades of blue and green.

Achilles had been surprised by it when he first arrived, used to the warm candlelight and the ever-changing decor of the House. Elysium, particularly the glade Patroclus had claimed as his own merely by virtue of sitting there so often, looked like an ancient ruin and a paradise all in one. He'd become accustomed to the greenery, to the climbing ivy and the stone walls, but there were some things that would steal his breath from him (as it were) every time he arrived in Elysium.

The way Patroclus looked at him, for one.

This time, Patroclus' eyes were especially wide. He scrambled to his feet immediately upon sight of Achilles, but did not come close to him, did not take Achilles in his arms.

Achilles' unusual appearance likely had something to do with the stare.

He stepped closer, careful not to tread upon the hem of the floor-length dress, lifting the skirt a few inches so that he could walk up the stairs to meet his lover.

Patroclus smiled and lowered his head in deference, his hands folded respectfully behind his back but his eyes betraying a spark of interest. "I did

not expect visitors," he said, "much less one so lovely." Any anxiety Achilles may have carried with him about the masculine parts of his appearance that didn't quite fit the dress he wore melted off as Patroclus looked at him, the interest in his eyes fading into desire.

"And I was not expecting to come across a man like you, either," Achilles said, playing along, a tenderness in his voice even as he addressed Patroclus as a stranger.

"Might I have your name, my lady?"

He spent too long lingering over an answer, wrapped up in the sound of Patroclus addressing him in such a way. It had been ages since he'd been called *my lady*, not since he'd been playing a part in order to keep safe from the war he ultimately succumbed to. It had sounded beautiful on Patroclus' tongue back then, too.

"Pyrrha," he said, finally breaking Patroclus' patient silence.

"Pyrrha," Patroclus repeated, turning the name over in his mouth. "Beautiful. Will you sit with me for a while? I would never forgive myself if I didn't ask you to spend more time with me." He extended a hand to Achilles, ever the gentleman.

"Only if you give me your name in turn," Achilles said, because he knew that Patroclus had entirely forgotten to mention his own.

His laugh was warm, the sort that rumbled in his chest, and he pressed a kiss to Achilles' knuckles. "Patroclus," he introduced himself. "Of course, it is nigh impossible for me to remember my own name in the face of such an exquisite beauty."

"What a charmer you are," Achilles said, joining him on the blanket Patroclus had laid out on the grass, having planned for Achilles to visit. "A girl ought to watch herself around a man with a tongue like yours."

"She certainly ought to," Patroclus agreed.

—

The dress was white and green, the fabric finer than anything Achilles had ever worn in life, embroidered with climbing vines and tiny yellow flowers. It was soft under his fingers, nearly weightless, and as he looked at it in the Elysian market, he knew how perfectly it would feel against the skin.

He hadn't yet put it on.

In fact, he was somewhat unsure still why he'd bought it. A strange impulse from his time in Scyros, perhaps. *You look just gorgeous in that, Pyrrha. It's a wonder your man's ever able to resist you.*

He couldn't remember the name of the girl who'd paid him that compliment so many years ago, but he could remember the dress he'd been wearing. White, like this one, but with red and gold detailing.

"The green will suit you." Patroclus sat beside him on the bed in their home in Elysium, examining the garment which Achilles had (somewhat reluctantly and with much embarrassment) shown him. "It will match your eyes."

"It's been so long since I've worn something like this." He passed the fabric through his hands again, trying not to grip it too tightly, for fear of wrinkling it. "I was... my features were much more delicate, back then. I fear the color will be the only thing that suits me."

"Do you like it?"

"Hm?"

Patroclus laid his hand over Achilles'. "Do you like it? That's all that matters, beloved."

Achilles thought that liking the way it looked on him mattered quite a bit. "I do," he said anyway. "Might I try it on for you sometime?" His voice was so small, so soft, it sounded alien to his own ears. "Not right now, but... perhaps I'll surprise you with it, someday."

"That would be lovely."

"It's just... even in death, I wear armor most days. But it doesn't always feel right. Like a costume, sometimes, when the person beneath should be dressed more like this." Although Patroclus would not require an explanation from him, he struggled through it anyway, to say it for himself. "Some days, I miss being called Pyrrha, I miss people looking at me and thinking—ah, I don't know. It's a little foolish."

Patroclus leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "You are a rare beauty at all times," he said, "but particularly so when you wear something like this." He spoke it in the present tense, as though it was still something Achilles did frequently. Perhaps it could be. "I would like to see it again." He had a wicked smile when he leaned away, the sort that reminded Achilles *exactly* how much Patroclus had enjoyed Achilles arrayed in all a lady's finery.

"We'll see," Achilles said. He felt a strange urge to hug the dress to his chest like a child with a blanket. "Perhaps it will suit me better than I expect."

—

He'd taken the dress back to the House when he last returned, hoping that Patroclus would not notice (he'd been dozing in their bed at the time so Achilles thought his chances were good). He did, after all, want this to be somewhat of a surprise.

It was strange how easily the rhythm of putting on a dress, making himself up, and doing up his hair came back to him. Megaera had helped him find the makeup—he'd trusted her not to ask questions nor to mention it to anybody else, mostly out of lack of interest in what Achilles did with his spare time. The cosmetics were much more pigmented than the ones he'd used back on the surface, deep black liner around his eyes and bright rose-red lipstick. The effect, once complete, was similar to what he'd achieved in his youth.

He observed himself in the mirror in his small quarters at the House, turning his face this way and that, taking in every angle. He wasn't faced with the arresting beauty of his youth, but with a more mature, more elegant version of himself, so lovely he wore a dazzling smile just looking at himself.

And of course, Pat was going to love this.

Patroclus spoke more gently to him like this, taming his barbed tongue into a more sweet version of romance. He offered Achilles wine, which Achilles was surprised to find he had stashed away among all the goods he acquired to give to Zagreus. When they sat together, Patroclus spread out his cloak for Achilles to rest upon, even though the grass of Elysium's fields would not stain his dress.

He was the picture of a gentleman, except for the smoldering desire in his eyes.

It was that lust, plainly obvious in Pat's face, that led Achilles to decline a second cup of wine, to beckon Patroclus to sit beside him instead of reclining a polite distance away. It was all too easy to lean into Patroclus' warmth, to allow him to play with the strands of Achilles hair that had come loose at his temples.

"A new perfume?" Patroclus asked, now leaned in close enough that he'd be able to smell it, his mouth nearly brushing Achilles' neck.

"And how would you know?" Achilles teased, although it was a new perfume—scented with apricots and fresh flowers. "We've only just met, remember?"

"In that case, I probably shouldn't be so close," said Patroclus, pulling away, which only made Achilles lunge after him. Patroclus tumbled so easily onto his back beneath Achilles, he began to suspect that this had been his plan all along, that he'd slipped up on purpose simply because he knew Achilles would notice. The fiend.

"You stay right where you are at," said Achilles, although he was nearly lying atop Patroclus and would not be moved without considerable force, the likes of which Patroclus would never exert upon a lady.

"What a compromising position we find ourselves in," Patroclus said, his mild tone polite and his wicked grin decidedly rude.

“Am I to believe I’ve misinterpreted your advances?” Achilles traced a fingertip down the curve of Pat’s cheekbone, his jaw.

“You haven’t,” he said. “If you merely want to spend some time enjoying one another’s company, if you’d like more than that... it is my lady’s choice.”

Even as he gave Achilles room to decide, his hands finally rested on Achilles’ body, closing on either side of his waist. The fabric of the dress was so fine Achilles could feel the heat of Patroclus’ palms as if they touched his bare skin. He squeezed a little too tight for his gentle words. It was the same grip he used to hold Achilles steady while he fucked him.

Achilles did not tell Patroclus what he wanted in so many words, but he did express his desires using his mouth. Patroclus kissed him back with equal heat, a low noise escaping his chest as his hands moved lower, feeling Achilles up through the soft linen he wore.

When he pulled away, Patroclus’ lips were smudged with the red of Achilles’ lipstick. He’d been kissed so thoroughly it even clung to his mustache, and Achilles grinned as he ran his thumb over Patroclus’ lower lip, smearing the red stain over to the corner of his mouth.

"Marked me as yours, have you?" Patroclus asked him, well-aware of what he looked like from Achilles' perspective.

"A lady would do well not to let a man like you escape her," Achilles said, the heat in his voice anything but ladylike.

"I won't," Patroclus assured him, lowering his head to transfer Achilles' own lipstick to the hollow of Achilles' collarbones, the length of his neck, left bare because his hair was pulled up. "Tell me how you want me to have you."

"Any way," Achilles said. "Please, Pat, just put your hands up my skirt—" The pet name slipping out didn't do much for their illusion of anonymity, but Patroclus did not take advantage of the moment to tease him, instead pushing Achilles onto his back, hastening to obey him. His hands were warm, the callouses as rough as they'd been in life, and although Patroclus could doubtless feel the muscle beneath Achilles' skin, he touched his thighs as if he held something immensely delicate.

"Look at you," Patroclus said, reaching up to touch his face again, winding his fingertips around a loose curl of Achilles' hair. It was falling out of its style quicker than he was used to; his skill at putting it up had faded somewhat, and hairpins with the right shape to keep his mass of curls under control were difficult to find as always. He probably looked a right wreck already, make-up smudged beyond saving, but Patroclus observed him as if he had Aphrodite herself beneath him. "You gorgeous thing. How lucky I am that you've stumbled upon me, my lady."

Each time he called Achilles this, *my lady* sounded less like a polite title and more like a term of possession.

"Your compliments are sweet, but your touch would be sweeter. Patroclus, please."

Patroclus' laugh warmed him to his core, although the way his hands spread along the insides of Achilles' thighs on his pass, spreading them just a bit, made him shiver. "I do love a woman who knows what she wants," he said.

There was a tease in it, because it was something he'd said to Achilles when they were young and Achilles had been dressed similarly. He had tumbled Patroclus back into his bed with a distinctly unfeminine fierceness, and Patroclus had only laughed, teased him, and then ground up against him, clearly aroused by the attention.

"I want you," Achilles said, which was always the easiest desire in the world to admit to.

"May I have you here, then?" he asked, rubbing his hand over the inside of Achilles' thigh to indicate his intention.

"Of course." Achilles reflexively attempted to close his thighs, but given Patroclus' proximity, only managed to squeeze his lover between them. Patroclus pulled out of his grip, shifting Achilles' skirt up further. Given his intended activities, Achilles had worn nothing beneath it. His cock was hard when Patroclus bared it, flushed as red as the stain on his lips. "Wait. Undress for me, first," he said. "Let me see you."

Patroclus was often lazy with removing his clothing, teasing Achilles by way of denial, but it seemed Achilles' appearance alone had worked him into as much a state of impatience as Patroclus could adopt. He had to untangle himself from Achilles to undress, and he did so quickly, returning to his embrace bare except for the golden bands around his arms and the white one around his thigh.

He still wore his laurels, although they became crooked when Achilles grasped each side of his head to pull him in for a kiss. Patroclus smiled and did not allow Achilles to deepen it, pulling back and nipping at his lower lip as if to deter Achilles against coming after him. It was a useless effort. Achilles kissed him again.

"You are utterly distracting," Patroclus said, keeping Achilles in place with one hand in the center of his chest as he leaned back. "Like this, my lady, if you'll allow me?"

Achilles, graciously, allowed Patroclus to arrange him, crossing one ankle over the other, resting them on Pat's shoulder, trying to hide the way his breath shook when Patroclus turned and pressed a kiss to his heel where there still remained a scar from the arrow-strike that killed him.

"Good," Patroclus said, looping an arm around his legs, holding him in place as he pushed his cock between Achilles' thighs. "Have you done this before?" he asked, as if he hadn't had Achilles this way on countless occasions.

"It's quite impolite to ask a lady something like that," Achilles admonished him.

"I hope you will accept my apologies, then," Patroclus said. His voice had gone a little rougher as he became affected by the squeeze of Achilles' thighs around his cock. Although he addressed Achilles like a lady, he fucked him like a man, his first thrust rough enough that Achilles knew he'd have to brace himself for the second.

"Does that feel good?" Achilles asked, his voice dripping sweetness. He knew that it did, he simply wanted to hear Patroclus acknowledge it.

The grunt Patroclus replied with served as an affirmative. As much as Achilles appreciated his lover's silver tongue, he liked it more when Patroclus was pushed beyond speaking.

He didn't bother with touching himself, although he was aroused beyond measure. Patroclus would attend to him—in that, he could trust. And, it was enjoyable to feel Patroclus move against him, the heat of his cock pushing between Achilles' thighs, the heat of his hands gripping Achilles' legs to keep him in place.

Neither of them had much stamina after being newly reunited, still trying to work out the ways these ethereal bodies experienced pleasure. They'd built it back up with time and practice, but Patroclus was fucking him the way he had after they'd first been able to touch one another again, like Achilles was pushing him beyond the bounds of whatever strength he had.

He was saying something, his lips moving, his voice too breathless for Achilles to understand what he was saying. Achilles flexed his thighs, squeezing Patroclus' cock tight between them, and a sharp noise spilled from Patroclus' lips, his head tipping to the side so that his mouth pressed to Achilles' ankles where they were still propped against his shoulder. *"Beautiful,"* Patroclus was saying. *"You're gorgeous, Pyrrha. Lovely."*

The compliments, more than anything, had Achilles overcome. It was nothing beyond what Patroclus normally told him when they made love, but such sweet things being applied to him when he dressed this way and being called by this name pleased a very deep part of him that hadn't surfaced in ages.

He couldn't keep from smiling. "So lovely you're going to come for me?"

Patroclus laughed, ragged and tuneless. "Yes, my lady. My love."

This was no longer playing at strangers—this was Patroclus who knew every part of Achilles, and who loved them all.

Patroclus' eyes opened, taking in every part of Achilles beneath him, his gaze lingering on Achilles' smudged lipstick, his dark-lined eyes, his hands tangled in the soft fabric of his dress, which he had pulled further up, exposing his ribcage, where one of Patroclus' hands lay.

Achilles set his own hand over Patroclus', gripping too tight to be at all ladylike, and Patroclus rolled his hips forward one final time before coming

over the underside of Achilles' cock and his belly. His teeth dug into his lower lip as he grinned, white against the dark of his beard, and he ran his fingers through the evidence that Achilles was *his*.

Achilles, still not satiated, squirmed and arched with merely the feeling of Patroclus' wrist brushing the head of his cock incidentally.

"I said I was lucky that you came across me." Patroclus touched him intentionally now, just his knuckles along the underside of Achilles' cock. "I believe, now, that it was an understatement. You must be a blessing from the gods, my dear Pyrrha."

"Pretty words, but they mean nothing if you will not please me as I please you," Achilles teased him, slipping his ankles from Patroclus' shoulder.

"You've no need to worry about that," Patroclus said. "Shall I put my mouth to use?"

"Oh, *please*, do that." Achilles stretched languorously beneath Patroclus as he shifted so that Achilles' spread legs framed his shoulders.

The first thing Patroclus used his mouth for was to clean up the mess he'd left on Achilles' belly, his hot breath against wet skin sending chills through Achilles' body. Achilles was very near begging for Patroclus' mouth on his cock, and from the gleam in Pat's eye, he knew it. He kissed Achilles' hip, leaving a smudge of lipstick there, red like Pat had dug his teeth in rather than just kissing him.

Of course, Patroclus would never do something so vulgar as to *bite* a lady.

He would do something so vulgar as swallowing Achilles' cock in one go, though, and he didn't even bother to hold Achilles' hips down as he rocked forward to bury his cock in Patroclus' throat. Although their shade forms tended to react in the ways their minds expected them to, with enough concentration they could be convinced to do such things as not choking while having their throats fucked. At the very least, Patroclus was capable of this.

Patroclus stared up at Achilles the entire time, watching his every reaction, and even when Achilles could not keep his eyes open, too overwhelmed by pleasure, he knew Patroclus was still watching him. Patroclus' hands stroked over his hips and thighs, gentle even as Achilles shook through his release. Patroclus swallowed everything Achilles gave him, staying right where he was at until Achilles took a handful of his hair and tugged him off, too over-sensitive even for the pleasantness of Patroclus' mouth around him.

"Gods, Achilles," he said, and Achilles' given name, in that just-fucked rasp, was almost alien to his ears. "You're a wonder."

"Better than expected?" Achilles teased so as not to betray how much he hoped the answer was yes.

"Oh, absolutely." Patroclus reached for him, helping him fully out of the dress. "Let's ensure we don't get anything on this, it's quite lovely."

"I might be convinced to wear it again," Achilles agreed, appreciating the care with which Patroclus folded it, much more gentleness than how he would treat their cloaks. "I don't think I'm likely to get anything on it now, though, Pat."

"Oh, my dear." Patroclus ran a thumb over Achilles' lower lip. He probably wasn't even wearing any lipstick anymore. "If you think you are going to leave without another round, you are sorely underestimating how hungry you make me when I see you like this."